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ally sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1893.

[ONE PENNY.]



SLOPER AT THE PANTOMIME.

"That the world was created for his own especial benefit Poor Pa seems to have little doubt, consequently his host of friends is decreasing rapidly. The other night, for instance, in the middle of a performance at Drury Lane Theatre, it suddenly occurred to him that an oration on behalf of his 'Christmas Appeal Fund' would fit into the Pantomime nicely. Just as he was commencing to pour out a torrent of eloquence, Sir Augustus Harris was to be seen dashing madly across the stage, armed to the teeth with a 'property' sword. Bloodshed was only avoided by the premature descent of the curtain."—TOOTSIE.

THE END OF THE CENTURY M.P.



The Backbone of the Nation is now Member of Parliament for Flower and Dean Street.



Very shortly he will remark to his free and enlightened constituents, "Link here, boys, I'm just a gonn' down to the Ouse for an 'our or two!'"



Formerly he would observe to his pals, "I'm just a-goin' inter the 'Ouse!" Verily, Time's whirligigs bring their own revenge.

CUTTING AND MAIMING.

By an Act of Parliament passed in the 22nd and 23rd of King Charles II., it was enacted that, "If any person, on purpose, and by malice aforethought, and by lying in wait, shall unlawfully cut and disable the tongue, put out an eye, slit the nose, cut off a nose or lip, or cut off or disable any limb or member of any subject, with intention in so doing to maim or disfigure him, the person so offending, his counsellors, aiders, abettors (knowing of and privy to the offence), shall be guilty of felony, without benefit of clergy." This Act was called the Coventry Act, because it was made on Sir John Coventry's being assaulted in the street, and having his nose slit.

In the Committee of Ways and Means in the House of Commons, it had been proposed that everyone resorting to any of the playhouses should be taxed. This was opposed by the courtiers, who gave for their reason that "the players were the King's servants and a part of his pleasure." Upon this, Sir John Coventry asked "whether the King's pleasure lay among the men or among the women players," an observation which, when repeated in court, was highly resented, and it was secretly resolved to set a mark on Sir John so as to prevent others from taking the like liberties.

On Christmas Day some soldiers lay in wait in Suffolk Street from ten till two in the morning, and as Sir John came out from a tavern where he had supped, they threw him down, and with a knife cut the end of his nose almost

off. In 1765, two men, Barney Carrol and William King, who had been soldiers and had distinguished themselves by their bravery, determined to commence a career of robbery, accompanied by horrible cruelty. They procured two boys, who were to pick pockets, and in case they were seized, the older robbers were to rescue them by slashing the persons who held them across their faces with a knife.

Whether or not this was the first time the horrible cruelty was attempted does not appear, but on the night of June 17th, 1765, the robbers came up with a gentleman named Kirby, who was walking very slowly on account of the heat, near Somerset House. One of the boys was directed to attempt the gentleman's pocket. The boy did, and had got his hand in the pocket, when Mr. Kirby seized him and threatened to carry him before a magistrate, but did so only to terrify him.

On this, the two villains followed closely upon the gentleman, who still held the boy to frighten him the more. At length Carrol came so near that the boy cried out, "Keep off. The gentleman will let me go." To which the ruffian replied, "Damn him! but I will cut him."

A gentleman named Carr coming up at this juncture, and observing what was taking place, urged Mr. Kirby to run for it, as he was surrounded by a gang of desperadoes who meant to do him a mischief. Kirby then requested Carr to protect him from the back, and Carrol fell behind, but the gang still hovered round, and at the corner of Arundel Street, Carrol running past, cut Kirby across his nose and eyes with his knife, as he exclaimed, "Damn you! let the boy go."

Carr seized Carrol's arm, and Kirby at this instant letting go the boy, struck at Carrol, but the blow falling on Carr's hand, the ruffian made his escape by running through an alley into Wych Street, though closely pursued by both gentlemen.

Mr. Kirby was now in great pain, but had no idea he had been wounded by any sharp instrument, thinking instead that he received only a common blow. Presently he found that something was the matter with his eyesight, and presumed that some dust had been thrown in his eyes, but raising his hand to his face he found that it streamed with blood.

Making his way as best he could to the Crown and Anchor tavern in the Strand, a surgeon was immediately sent for, but before he reached the spot the unfortunate gentleman had "lost near two quarts of blood."

On examination, it appeared that the wound was given in a transverse direction from the right eye to the left temple; that two large vessels were divided by it; that there was a cut across the nose which left the bone visible; and that the eyeballs must have been divided by the slightest deviation from the stroke.

It must have been some comfort to the Strand strollers when these two miscreants were caught, found guilty, and hanged.

OME NOOS.

With respect to Eveline's her sixpence billum e sai blow books i ham on for ot spise ail. Spise ail aint bad butt iss itt the straita parf. no. . . i av bin temp ann fell. we av ad the ail. i ope no jugemint wont fal onn billum.

(Next week, "In Men's Clothes.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Only recently, we fancy; Try another, C. S. T. Personality is hidden, ARTHUR BURROWS, "with the 'we.'" Only to oblige you, FANNY. Quite beneath our notice, DRAGE. Thanks for kindly mention, BOSTON, Of the Antiquated Sage. He was only joking. PHINNY; It's the Ancient's little way. Cannot understand you, CHAPPIE. Certainly, MISS HOOD, you may. Ally cannot tell you, WILLIAM. Simply 'cos he doesn't know. Most unfortunate, A FATHER: Better hint than he should go. Still in print, A TWO YEARS' READER. Send us on the needful, JACK. Always send us stamps, F. FIRMEN. If you want the sketches back. Story doesn't suit us, CHANCEY. We've destroyed it as desired. Thanks for letter, ALBERT SIMPSON. Yes, JESS, that is what's required.

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JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Mrs. Carber. Oh, by the way, John, I don't think I told you! I had such a charming New Year's card from Uncle Stingyman this morning.

Mr. Carber (looking up from his newspaper). Humph! did you? I wonder who sent it him?

"THINK I shall go to the fancy ball as Mephistopheles," said Bumbleby, of the Chancery Bar. "What would you advise me to wear?" And the unsuccessful litigant, of whom he made the inquiry, replied, "Oh! I should just chuck on my wig and gown and bands, you know; they'll tumble to it."

HOWEVER an artist may draw, there's a part Of his trade which must tax his invention— We allude to the mystic and difficult art Of drawing the public's attention.

Spiffins. I haven't used my umbrella lately, and when I opened it yesterday, I found that it had all rotted in the seams.

Spiffins. What a nuisance! You can't get damages, you know. He won't hold himself responsible.

Spiffins. Who won't?

Spiffins. The pawnbroker.

"YES," said old Snarler, "my nephews and nieces are afraid of offending me, 'cause they know it would be killing the goose that lays the golden eggs." "The only part of the simile I don't understand is the golden egg business," said the youngest Bladder, whereat his pater smiled approvingly.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 455.—The "Panto Page" Costume.



Tootsie's suggestion for a ballroom costume. Dedicated to all girls with good figures.



"Wot a clump ye are, Chorley. Yer might have saved that lemp for the first passer-by."



First Fair One. Yes, dear; I've bought these slippers as a present for my husband.

Second Fair One. Do you expect anything in return?

First Fair One. Why, of course. At least a sealskin jacket.



"Poor old Finnigan has just been drowned at sea!" "Oh, the spiteful crater! He's done that because I said he'd live to be hanged."



ZOO-ILLOGICAL STUDIES.
The Torpedog and Catfish.

"No," said Jones, decidedly, "your celebrated pianists are all very well in their way, but I don't care about 'em. Give me somebody a little less distinguished. My wife went to no end of trouble to get Thumperman to turn up at her 'at home' last week, and it took us half our time to get him to the piano, and the other half to get him away from it."

Friend (outside the door). Tim! How much longer are you going to be in that bath?

Tim. Sure and I'm in great trouble.

Friend. What's the matter?

Tim. Why, bedad I've been drying myself for the last quarter of an hour, but as fast as I dry one leg, so I have to wet it again to stand on it while I dry the other.

Friend. Why don't you stand out of the bath?

Tim (joyfully). Och, be Jabers! I never thought of that, now.

THERE'S nought so sweet as love's young dream,

The poet fellow tells us,

The mad wild passion which would seem

Invariably swells us.

How many Benedicts now glower

To think how they've been taken in,

And tell us that there's nought so sour

As married life's awakening.

Booseyman. No, old fellow, I didn't see you on Thursday. To tell you the truth, I haven't been home by the last train more than four or five times the last fortnight.

Laitboy. Indeed! Why's that? Turning over a new leaf with the New Year, I suppose?

Booseyman. Well, not exactly that. You see, on all the other occasions I missed it.

"PERHAPS in the whole gallery of universal aphorisms there is nothing approaching the condensed sublimity of the simple and kindly 'Ave a glass alonger me, won't cher?'"—*Philosophic Slopericus, Lib. 3—127.*

Enraptured Auditor. How truly lovely! What sweetness, what charm! How delightfully the soft refrain dies away.

Bored and Unmusical Ditto. Yes; what a pity the singer hasn't a bit more to do in that direction.

"A YOUNG man with winning ways may be a valuable addition to a social gathering, but he is hardly a desirable addition to your card party."—*Mazims Sloperiana, vol. ii., chap. 8, page 51.*

Bachelor Host (entertaining supper party). A little more bread for you, Allmug!

Allmug. Bread, eh? Yes, thanks, old chap—just a mouthful.

Bachelor Host (ringing the bell for landlady). Mrs. Trimmings, another loaf, if you please.

[And yet Allmug cannot understand why everybody laughed.]

"WHAT was the most terrible action you were ever engaged in?" one of the juvenile Bladders asked the intrepid V.C., D.S.O., who replied, "An action at law."

Son of the House. Young Sicklyman hardly seems to be enjoying that cigar of yours, dad; doesn't seem as if he could finish it, does he?

Host (after a glance at the youth in question). That he doesn't. The cigar looks a good deal more like finishing him.

THERE were two young lovers of Dever

Who swore naught but death should them sever;

But he lost all his "tin,"

While the maid took to gin,

And now they are parted for ever.

Mrs. Garrulous. I was having an argument about beauty to-day, John, and I should like to know which you consider the most perfect form of mouth.

John (who is reading). Well, that depends. In a woman, a shut one, certainly.

Father (trying to get his son a place). He's never been out before, sir, but he'll soon learn, and he's very quick at picking up things.

Possible Employer (a jeweller). Oh, is he? I don't think he'll suit me. Good morning.

THE O'Flaherty is raging up and down Fleet Street seeking for someone to devour, or, to speak plainly, to quarrel with. We were recruiting exhausted nature the other day at the Sloper Arms, when Pat suddenly exclaimed, "The only thing that troubles me when I am ill is that, maybe, when I die, I'll be buried alive," and when we all laughed he got wild.

Young Sharpshins. Why is that part of a song called the "re-frain," dad?

Old Sharpshins. Because it is the constantly hearing that part sung about in and out of season that causes people to ask their friends to refrain from singing the song.

Tupper. It's a strange thing, but I believe there's very little true religion in Brighton.

Tupper. Not at all strange, my dear fellow. It's naturally somewhat difficult to make the inhabitants of a town like that believe that there can be a better place anywhere.

"I SAY, a dreadful thing happened to the Jollisorte girls." "What's up?" "They were going in for *tableaux vivants*. All got nice parts and swaggy dresses, and now they've all been taken with the St. Vitus dance, and the Johnnie who's bossing the show is quite nasty—won't let 'em go on."

Aunty. Well, dearie, how do you like your new nurse?

Dearie. She ain't new, aunty. She's as old as old.

ONLY a girl on the sofa,

Only an arm round her waist,

Only her father hurrying

Home from the City in haste.

Only a face at the window,

Only a boot at the door,

Only a crash on the pavement—

Clarence is "chucked" once more.

"Are you sure it isn't too big a charge?" said the nervous individual at the shooting-gallery, gazing suspiciously at the doubtful-looking firearm they handed him. "Too big a charge!" shouted the proprietor; "it's only a penny a time, guv'nor—seven for a tanner. Ain't that cheap enough for you?"

[Nervous individual has to explain himself.]

Cousin Tom. What's the matter, Clara? What are you crying about all alone here in the conservatory?

Clara. That wretch, young Spooner! Oh, I am so wild! I could tear his eyes out, I could!

Cousin Tom. What's he done?

Clara. Why, I asked him who he thought was the prettiest girl in the room, and the—the—the brute actually began to look all round, while I was standing right in front of him.

TOOTSIE AT DRURY LANE.

To say that Sir Augustus has this year beaten record and excelled himself is only to repeat what everybody else the first night was saying.



Daddy Thumb & Goody Thumb:
DAN LENO & HERBERT CAMPBELL.
Fee Faw Fum, Esq.:
H. M. CLIFFORD.

As gorgeous as any of their predecessors are the grand scenes, and the astonishing splendour and novelty of the Grand Hall of a Million Mirrors will soon be the talk of the town. Strange to say, glass has but very seldom been utilised on the stage. Only quite recently have mirrors been added to the elaborate drawing-room decorations of West End theatres, and painted looking-glasses, looking nothing at all like the real article, abound in the rough-and-tumble provinces.

Another delightful scene is Arcadia, a lonely landscape, painted in his best style by Mr. Perkins, before which a troupe of the prettiest of Watteau-like shepherds and shepherdesses disport themselves gracefully. A wonderfully gorgeous and elaborate transformation scene must not be passed over, nor, indeed, must the giant's kitchen.

Of grand effects there are several, each of which alone is good enough to have made the success of a pantomime in the good old scrambling days that good old playgoers throw at our heads. There is, in particular, a ballet of sports which would have warmed the cockles of old Joe Strutt's heart, though they do not include bull-baiting, dog-fighting, and cocking. On the contrary, we have pretty girl punters, pretty girl jockeys, pretty girl skaters, pretty girl fox-hunters, pretty girl tennis-players; and yacht girls, cricketeresses, footballers, and goodness knows what, but all pretty and prettier.

And what a company Sir Augustus has got together! Large as is the stage, it is hardly large enough for the accumulated talent. Strong as is the pantomime, from the scenic point of view, it is still stronger in its humour. And how else could it be, with such a combination of comicality as Dan Leno, Little Tich, Herbert Campbell, Arthur Williams, William Morgan, Fred Walton, and the Brothers Griffiths? Then, as to the ladies, there are Marie Lloyd and Marie Lloyd, Ada Blanche and Mabel Love, Ida Heath and Emma d'Anban.

And what a book is this that Sir Augustus and Wilton Jones have given us! There are good rhymes in it and good jokes besides those imported by the irrepressible low coms. And the properties! There never surely were gathered together at one time such a splendid show! Some so quaint, some so realistic, and some so picturesque. There are bats and balls that walk alone, billiard balls that wink, all manner of wonderful things never seen before anywhere.

But greater triumphs are in store. There is a procession of fairy tales which is worked very cleverly, each story being briefly told in pantomime. What a treat this will be to all children, little and big, this season!

The Serpentine Dance is, I suppose, to be found in every pantomime this year, but to Sir Augustus alone has fallen the happy notion of filling the stage with fair serpentines, dressed with delicious taste, all whirling and twirling a mass of varying hues delightful to look upon, and most artistic. And if all this serpentine is not enough for you, here is Little Tich, with his burlesque of the dance, which is one of the most comic things ever seen, and elicits yells of laughter.

Some of the business is extremely funny. When Herbert Campbell, as Goody Thumb, tubs little Tich, after the style of a famous advertisement, the gallery yells, "He won't be happy till he gets it." Tich is Hop-o'-My-Thumb, the youngest born of the Thumb family, and his father is Dan Leno. He is the most precocious babe you ever saw, and, rejecting his feeding-bottle with scorn, calls for a soda and B.



Goody Thumb:
H. CAMPBELL.
Hop-o'-My-Thumb:
LITTLE TICH.

trussed and placed in front of a blazing fire to cook, and their droll situation and droll remarks are indescribably mirth-provoking. I find I have left a lot out, but have no more space for Little Bo-Prep, Little Red Riding Hood and Hop-o'-My-Thumb. Go and see them.

HE PROVES HIS LOVE.

I.
THE two are skating on a pond
(The pond, of course, is frozen),
And he, of his companion fond,
A quiet spot has chosen.
The ice is soft, his heart is soft:
With spoony words he bores her—
He swears by all the things aloft
He worships and adores her.

II.
With frenzied love he clasps the hand
Of Eve's descended daughter,
And makes her clearly understand
He'll go through fire and water
To prove his love. . . A crash is heard—
And through the ice this skater
Proceeds at once to keep his word—
The fire he'll go through later!

THE NAUGHTY-BIOGRAPHY OF ALLY SLOPER.

(Written by himself, with passing observations and footnotes by his friends and relations.)

CHAPTER XLI.

ALEXANDRY.

ALEXANDRY is a boy that any father might be proud of. I remember the day of his birth even as if it was yesterday. It was somewhat a hard time with me. I had found the world very hard indeed.

(Well, anyhow, he had tried his bally best to find how hard it was. That old thinking-pot of his had been steadily looking for the pavement for a good three days at a stretch. This he called wetting Alexandry's head—the old geezer. He ought to have been ashamed of himself. Only when he comes in late, and the coves have got out of temper, and ain't ready to stand no more.—MCGOOSELEY.)

I trained Alexandry in my own peculiar fashion. I have my own ideas as to how a boy ought to be brought up.

(Brought up, indeed! You should have seen him on the christening day a-trying to bring that dear cherub upstairs! He had been out Blue Piggling it even more than usual, and that's saying a good deal. Bless me, if when he was carrying the child if he didn't mistake it for a bottle of "Unsweetened," and took its dear little foot in his mouth, as ever was, for the neck of the bottle! —MRS. SLOPER.)

Yes, I trained that child as a child should be trained. Three years old, honeypots; six, kiss-in-the-ring, with interludes; ten years, swings at Epping; twelve, how much can be raised on the waistcoat when a few of the buttons are off.

Alexandry has always been a most obedient child. He has never disobeyed me under any circumstances whatever. He respects me as a child should respect its parent.

(Well, of all the barndoor old Ananias that ever existed, the Old 'Un takes the bun with a dozen plums in it—that he does. Respect, indeed. Why, that blessed boy is at the present time laid up with his thumb in splints from continually taking sights at the old man when he has been on the "smoker" lay. Nice boy! I would like to have such a son—if it was only to have him to be sausage-machined for fried fish.—IKY MO.)

I instructed that lad in the fine art of "buttons," and myself devoted some considerable time and thought to the construction of his first nicker—made from a piece of the wash-hand pipe, which had been left behind by the heedless plumber.

Poor boy! Alexandry in his earliest days was a dreadful gambler.

Buttons after buttons flew away at the dreadful sport. Many's the time have I, as a father, been seriously embarrassed at seeing the dear child reduced to absolute pins, through having denuded his garments of the other luxuries.

A boy cannot play at leap-frog only supported by pins.

Dear Alexandry!
(To be continued next week.)

UNADVISABLE.

To tell the wife you're working late at office ev'ry night
Is somewhat unadvisable;
And then roll home at two o'clock, inconsequently tight,
Distinctly unadvisable.
In which condition recollect, unless you like your change
To vanish from your pockets in a manner somewhat strange,
To leave your "bags" about within the "ancient Dutch's" range
Is very unadvisable.

To go about the world without a knowledge of *la boxe*
Is rather unadvisable;
Although to own your skill in giving bigger Johnnies "socks"
Is slightly unadvisable.
But if you happen once or twice to get a damaged eye,
To patronise the haunts you love till better by and bye—
Unless you can invent a really likely sounding lie—
Is really unadvisable.

To fall a victim to the snares of womankind at all
Is very unadvisable,
Whilst mashing more than one at once we cannot help but call
Extremely unadvisable.
If Number One is raven-haired, the least that can be said
Is that, if Number Two has locks at all inclined to red,
To forget to brush your shoulder where she's laid her pretty head
Is more than unadvisable.

Neglect to purchase "SLOPER" we should instantly define
As very unadvisable;
Though very few benighted ones, we're proud to say, incline
To an act so unadvisable.
If a glow of satisfaction, too, benevolent, you'd feel
At the thought that you've provided for some hungry wretch's
weal,
To neglect to send a little to the Christmas Poor Appeal
Is truly unadvisable.

TOO LITERALLY.

IT was a hazardous, a very hazardous experiment, asking poor William Welbinwest, who, unknown to his hostess, had just been away for a little "stretch" in connection with a collapsed building society, to a musical afternoon; but William was very quiet, and his sole remark, when offered tea, that he thought a whisky and Seltzer would wash his liver better, was ascribed to the natural eccentricity of a wealthy company promoter—as William had all along represented himself to be. Nor did they, to use a vulgar idiom, "kick" when, under the influence of the dose repeated, and the heat of the cheery fire, he dozed every now and again, and saw again the visions of the oakum-shed and the fleeting pictures of the long stone corridors. No, everything was going along really charmingly, and, save that the fair hostess, who had quite a reputation for giving the smartest of smart functions, was in a little flutter lest some inconsiderate guest should cut one of the hired pineapples, nothing could possibly have been desired. But, alas! there came a break. A sweet young girl in heliotrope approached the piano, and, taking her seat upon the plush stool, struck a chord, "There once was a time, mai darr—lung,"

and, with a yell of "Great Scot! there was, and I did it!" the half-slumbering company promoter leaped from his chair and, in one fell swoop, put an end to the song and all his future dreams of shining in that society.

ONE IN A MILLION.

IT's the cant of the age to fall foul of mothers-in-law. Such abuse may, for aught I care, be justifiable or the reverse. But the one I've got is a pearl beyond price. She's one in a million!



"Have another cup."

The day after I married Jane—as meek and trustful a little body as the world contains—her mother arrived on a week's visit. I made no objection; on the contrary, I judged it a favourable opportunity for expounding my views.

"Jane," I said, "that we shall live happily and easily together goes without saying. But let there be no mistake as to who runs this show. I, as the sole provider and prop of the establishment, intend being master. Though married, I don't purpose sacrificing either old friends or amusements. I shall, therefore, run down to the club four evenings a week, as usual, without fixing any definite time for return."

"Quite right, Egbert," chimed in mother-in-law, while Jane placidly signified acquiescence. "A young fellow, even if he is married, has no right to debar himself from rational, healthy diversion, absolutely necessary to a manly nature."

"Mrs. Trotter," I said, approvingly, "you're a woman of strong common sense, and in every way fit to be Jane's parent. Have another cup of tea and finish that last piece of muffin."

The next evening found me at the Junior Boudlers', and a roaring time we had of it. About 2 a.m., while searching for the key-hole of mine own particular door, it suddenly opened, and ma-in-law, with a smiling face, stepped forth to welcome me.

"Mrs. Trotter," I said, sternerly, "this is perfectly unnecessary. I wish no one to sit up for me. I regard it as an imputation."



Ma-in-law welcomed me.

"Pooh! my dear Egbert," was the rejoinder. "An old woman must have her way in some things. Poor Jane has long since gone to bed, but I couldn't bear to think of your coming home to a fireless hearth. There's a lovely fire in the dining-room, and a nice little hot supper done to a turn." And before I was aware of it, the good soul had my boots off and the soup in front of me, and was preparing to dish up, for my especial benefit, a divine *ragout*.

Wolfishly hungry and deeply touched by this delicate attention, I ceased to demur, and, as a slight return, regaled her with a few of Johnson's latest wheezes. Johnson is our club wit, and had been in great form that evening.

The following night, though the fun was fast and furious, I left at eleven. Somehow or other, the thought of that old girl sitting up worried me. Again hot supper and cheerful chat. She remarked, incidentally, that there was something Shakespearian about my forehead, and what a lovely voice I had for reading.

The next evening I brushed my hair back, stayed at home, and read *Macbeth* aloud until I was droopy. Left the club at ten following night. More *Macbeth*. Old lady swooned at sleep-walking scenes. Said I did it so powerfully. Gave her a drop of "special," and prevailed on her to stay another week or two.

Then a bright idea struck her. "Why not invite your friends and have a regular bachelor party—cards and singing, and all that?"

Carried unanimously. Had a room full of fellows. Johnson, in tremendous form, fairly surpassed himself. But I couldn't help overhearing the old girl say, just as I was going to bed—

"It's a perfect shame, Jane! The fact is, he's too intellectual for such society. That fellow Johnson was making fun of him every time he left the room or turned his back."

I was very cool the next time I met Johnson.

"Hallo!" he cried, "knocking under to petticoat government?"

"Johnson," I said, coldly, "your insinuations are low, vulgar and impertinent. I'm ashamed of you."

The day following I cut him dead. And I never got out now, unless Jane or the old lady accompany me. She was right. I am too intellectual for such society. At my own fireside I meet appreciation and respect, which I certainly never did at the club. And I'm master of the house, and do just as I please, though I have buried my latchkey, therefore, I say, no cant about mothers-in-law. I wouldn't part with mine for her weight in bank-notes.

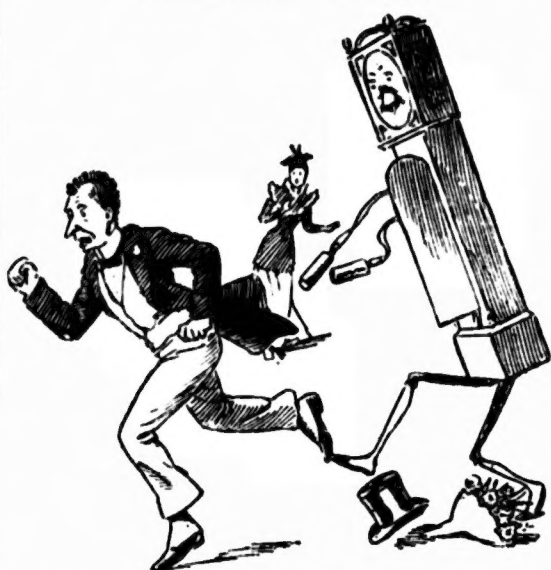


I was very cool.



Robin Redbreast (a good old Card, Cats). What can cats have to do with the New Year, except to typify the female love of peace and goodwill?

SHAKESPEARE FOR THE MILLION.



"For lovers ever run before the clock."—*Merchant of Venice*, Act II, sc. vi.

DOING HIS DUTY.



"I had it in my mouth a minute ago. I must have swallowed it." "Can't help that. My orders are to punch all tickets—so here goes."



"I feel my life is blighted, dear. Mamma says I am now too old to kiss the male visitors. I think I shall commit suicide."—*Extract from Letter of Young Lady.*

Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 269.—MISS M. ST. CYR.

"Far, far above those whom I've loved till now."

—*The Duck Snook.*

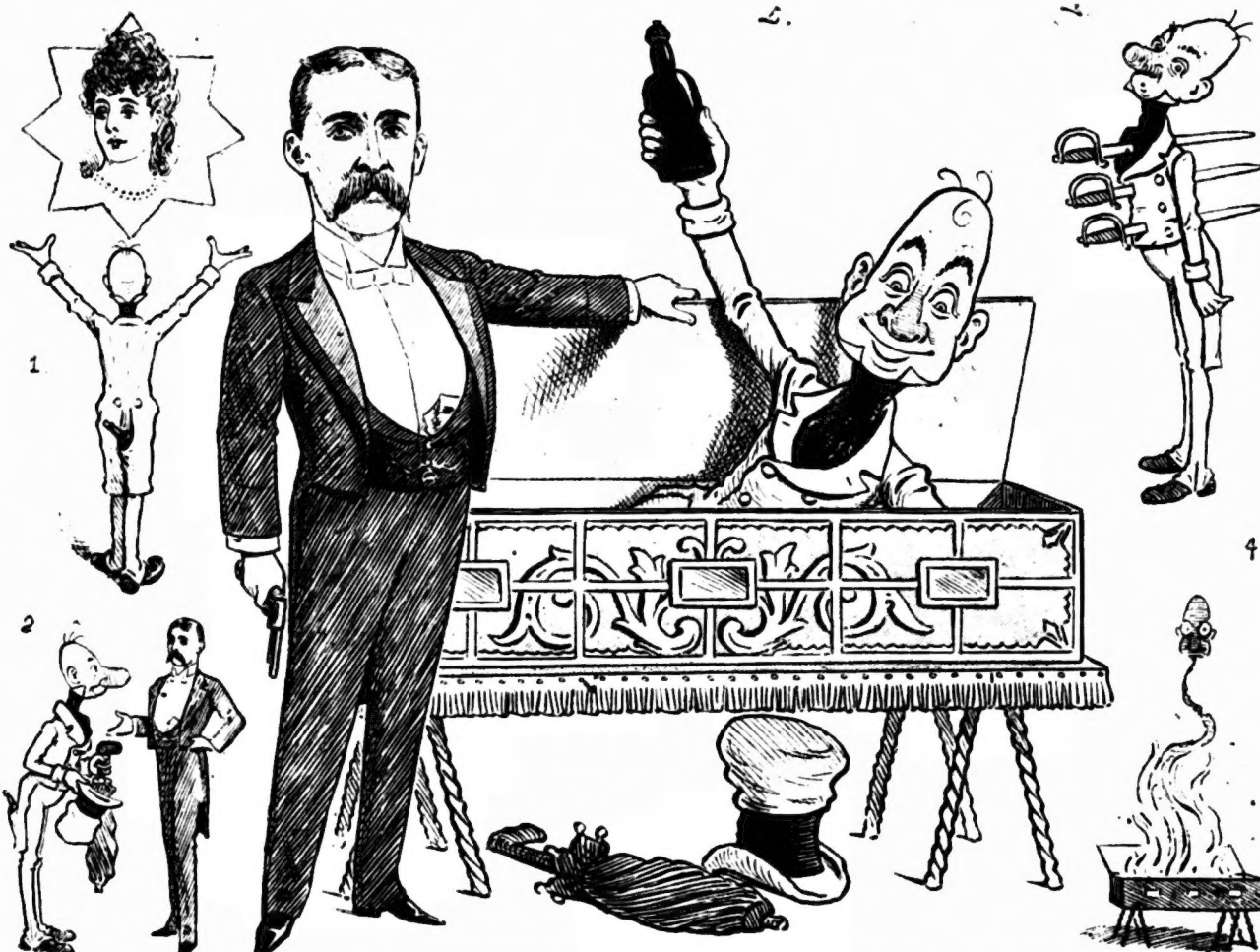
"As fair as the lily, as sweet as the rose."

—*Lord Hob.*

"Ye gods! what perfect, peerless beauty."

—*The Hon. Billy.*

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—PROFESSOR ALBERTO.



Of course, you have all seen Professor Alberto and Milie, Nina in their wonderful illusion, "The Queen of Kor." Well, the other evening A. SLOPER was officiating as one of a committee of four gentlemen, to see there was no deception, on the stage of the Middlesex Music-hall—the Family occupying a private box. (1) "There are worshippers of the sun," mused A. SLOPER, "but if there were star worshippers, and I belonged to that sect, I should have no hesitation in choosing the beautiful Milie, Nina. Yes, Nina, lovely Nina!" Here he was disturbed by Professor Alberto suggesting that he, the Eminent, should be placed in the magic casket. "Sloper!" cried Mrs. S., from the box, "don't be rash!" (2) But A. SLOPER, who knows not fear, smiled reassuringly, rose, and declared he was ready. The next moment he was assisted into the casket and the lid closed; but when the Professor produced three swords and deliberately passed them right through the casket, Mrs. Sloper would have fainted had not the Hon. Billy fanned her with a programme, and assured her that the

Professor would not let her husband die. (3) "Ent," cried the poor lady, "only think if he has to live ever after with them three swords a-sticking through him." (4) Just then she saw, to her horror, flames issuing from the casket. "Oh!" cried she, "it's come at last—spontaneous combustion! I knew what that 'Un-sweetened' would do sooner or later. Why, why didn't he take kindly to Kops ale?" And when the casket was shown empty, "Gutted!" she gasped, "Woe, woe! I am now a lone widow!" "But not for long," whispered Billy in her ear. (5) She was about to smile on him through her tears when a crack from a revolver was heard, and at the same time A. SLOPER issued from his prison safe and sound. When, after partaking of a glass of the azure with Professor Alberto, and congratulating him upon his wonderful show, the Mouldy One returned to his box, he was received with cheers by all the Family, excepting Mrs. Sloper, who was quite snappish to him during the remainder of the evening.

McNAB IS REBUKED BY A CANDID RELATION.



(1) "McNab, ye may be a relation o' mine, but awn a patriot Scot; and what aw says, Ye're a disgrace tae Scotland." Sae yelled bonny Wully frae Cookie-crankie parish.

(2) "Tak' a sook o' the dew, ma mannie; ye'll see things vera, vera different;" and Wully had a go at the Elder's hospitality.

(3) "Ye ken what it is versel' noo, sonny; that sowsie wee laddie's an auld freend o' mine;" and the Elder smiled sardonically.



The Lord and Mayor.



A Ladies' Race.



Demolishing Millbank.



A Treacle Pot.



A Cantankerous Caddy.



Astrology.

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

What, ho! my noble sportsman! How have you enjoyed the skating? First rate weather, you know, for ironmongers and surgeons. But I detain you. Let us away:—The good Lord Mayor to Dublin went, Upon a New Year trip intent:—A ladies' skating race behold. 'Twas most exciting, I am told:—No Millbank Prison can be found. Ere this, it's levelled to the ground:—They say the

R. A. Winter Show is splendid. You must really go:—A very stupid jokelet that, To play upon a comrade's hat:—A drunken caddy makes a shine, And gets a very heavy fine:—The juveniles are lectured, see, At London University. That's the little lot, ladies and gentlemen. Well up to the mark, as usual, isn't it? Ta-ta till next week.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

Regular Customer. Hello, Charles, you're busy!
Charles. Yes, sir—no, sir; but we have been, sir, this evening.

"What do you think, Clara? Clarence Smith has thrown me overboard."
"Never mind; you can easily find someone else."
"They say a woman can only love once, and I believe it!"

THE THRALDOM OF SERVITUDE.



Mistress (after enduring for one hour a chorus of "Ta-ra-ra Boob-doo," can stand it no longer). I am willing to endure that detestable tune, Jane, under ordinary circumstances; but until you can get rid of that cold in your head, I must ask you to sing something else.
[This day month.



Lady. Can you tell me where 59A is?
Robert. No, that I can't, miss. 'E ain't never on this beat now.



Smithers. Where are you shoving that umbrella?
Fair "Gamp"ster. In your eye-glass. See?

ALLY-CAMPANE.



THE announcement by a contemporary that powdered hair will be in vogue amongst the male representatives of Society this season has almost driven A. SLOPER distracted. To men with a plentiful crop of hair the news might prove welcome, but A. SLOPER is not included among those fortunate beings. Nature, when doling out hair to humanity, must, somehow or another, have overlooked the Ancient One, consequently his head resembles a billiard-ball, or a bladder of lard, more than anything else. How a man is to follow the fashion, possessing but three solitary hairs, is beyond A. SLOPER'S conception—therefore his annoyance. If the individual who originated the idea will call upon the Eminent he will hear of something most decidedly not to his advantage.

WHEN A. SLOPER, a fortnight back, stated that his pal, Edward Solomon, the composer, was receiving subscriptions for the Charles Martin Fund, he was under the influence of—well, say Christmas surroundings. Teddy says that he is not receiving subscriptions, but that W. S. Gilbert is. Once again has ALLY tripped.

MR. CHARLES GREEN, R.L., F.O.S., the well-known artist, has just been elected a member of "The Amalgamated Association of Liars," of which Mr. Thos. J. Barratt is the president. The secretary is a gentleman of the name of Ananias, so it's all right. They want A. SLOPER to join, but the Old Man jibs a bit. "Time and 'Unsweetened' may soften his prejudices.

"SOON," said a lecturer, recently, "we shall see women smoking and drinking like men; in fact, affecting all the habits and peculiarities of the other sex." The "soon" is distinctly good, and we have grave fears that that lecturer possesses a too insufficient amount of worldly knowledge to qualify him for the platform. Why, Tootsie could tell you straight off of over a hundred of her girl friends addicted to the soothing weed! whilst, as to drink—well, ask any "Friv." girl what she thinks on the subject.

THE Mildewed Edifice, ever anxious to direct the public in the right path, would advise skatists to journey as far as the shop of Messrs. H. Turner & Son, 28 Villiers Street, Charing Cross. Here they will find skates of all kinds, but more particularly those made by Maraden, of Sheffield, from Tebbutt's design, and approved by the Norwegian Skating Association, whose mark is on each blade. This is the Racer of the Day, and, as Alexandry observes, "No gentleman or lady with self-esteem and a craving for speed should be without 'em." All the "Friv." girls have them, and the Hon. Billy is saving up his weekly allowance to buy a pair. More betrothals!

THE Tottering Mound has this day been pleased to confer the "Award of Merit" upon MDLLE. PATRICE, because she's a deft and clever conjuror. "Feyther," bleated the Azure-orbed Illusionist, "it ain't surprisin' as the lady's such a marvel with a 'usband like Bertram to instruct 'er. You've 'eard of Bertram, of course? Even in your benighted hignorance you must—" But here the Fabric interposed, and the heir to the Sloperian Estates was carried away squirming. There are times when even a father's love gives way before the outraged feelings of the man.

ACCORDING to all appearances, W. S. Penley's season at the Royalty has altogether changed the fortunes of this hitherto unlucky theatre. The house is crowded almost every night, and, judging from the laughter, with a very appreciative audience. *Charley's Aunt* is, without doubt, one of the funniest farces now in London, and Penley, in the principal rôle, is really immense. The piece never drags throughout, and the interest is well sustained. Besides Penley, we have a company including Brandon Thomas, Percy Lyndal and Nina Boucicault—names which speak for themselves. All do excellent service and render the genial Penley every assistance in their power.

MR. W. WAFFORD, of 27 Little Goodge Street and 32 Old Compton Street, is doing a kindly act in providing 100 free dinners for poor school-children at each of his establishments every Monday during January and February. Wafford is the proprietor of Fish Supper and Dining Rooms at the addresses given, so the kids will get something pretty toothsome to peck at. Good old Wafford!

THE pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Brighton, is a real corker, and *Little Red Riding Hood* will have a long run unless A. SLOPER is mentally caving in. Chirgwin, without his white eye this time, is slap-up, and the whole show is as near perfect as it can be. Admirable scenery, charming dresses, tuneful music and beautiful girls are the chief features. A. SLOPER, who has been out once or twice before, never recollects seeing so many kissable girls on a stage at one time. There are two things ALLY now longs for, but which he'll never get—single blessedness and curly-headed youth. Oh, those girls in the Brighton panto! —Do leave off!

SINCE Dora Douglas has been playing Principal Boy at the Standard, the Hon. Billy has been much in evidence down Shoreditch way. He says the new buns at Soutter's are good value, and that Dora plays the Swiss Pipe like an angel, dances like a fairy, and looks so generally fetching that—well there! Billy is awfully gone, and had written a poem beginning, "Dainty Dora, how I adore her," when he found out that Dora hates fat people. He has since given himself up entirely to buns, and his life is despaired of. Poor Billy!

A WINKLE tea is now talked of as a kind of consolation to those who had been invited to A. SLOPER'S Twelfth Night Celebration.

NOW then, all ye benevolent ones—ye budding philanthropists, ye Sloperians generally—there's still a large number, a very large number of you who haven't sent in your copper, your sixpence or shilling, half-crown, or whatsoever it is to be, to the "Christmas Appeal." A. SLOPER knows you mean to send it, but you keep putting it off—a bad habit; therefore, take the Ancient's advice and don't delay. Send in the sub. and don't forget that it must bring timely aid to some poverty-stricken fellow-creature.

HAD the shade of Robert Baddeley been present at Covent Garden on Twelfth Night, undoubtedly it would have sat up and wondered. But it would have been pleased withal, for the cake and the wine had been dispensed as of yore to the particular members of the profession for whom it was intended, and the big crowd of mummers, scribblers, daubers and other good folks who ate, drank and made merry, did so at the expense of the genial Sir Augustus. Truly it was a right merry night, and as the festivities didn't commence until close on twelve, it goes without saying that the revellers did not "go home till morning," and a very advanced morning it was in considerably more than one instance we could mention.

THE entertainment given at Brill's Baths, on the 5th, by the Brighton Ladies' Swimming Club, was a success. A. SLOPER was there, of course—you bet! The reason Tootsie, Tottie, Lardi and Nellie did not oblige with their water *pas de quatre*, is that their bathing costumes are so shabby, and Bob positively refused to stand them new ones. Bob's getting an awful "screw."

POSITIVELY, you must go to the Alhambra—you really must. The new ballet, *Aladdin*, is undoubtedly one of the greatest triumphs in the whole history of this successful house. Mr. Hollingshead deserves unstinted praise. There is a capital variety show too; M. Ganivet, the Funny Frenchman; Elsa Joel, Lily Burnard, Sarina, and Nellie Navette; whilst *Up the River* completes this really wonderful programme.

It is not often that A. SLOPER honours the other side of the water with his fascinating presence, and when, on exceptional occasions, he does cross over to the Surrey side of the Metropolis, it's a bottle of gin to a brace button that there is something good in the wind. The other evening, a common "growler" could have been seen wending its way along Blackfriars Bridge Road, and from the window were dangling an immense pair of feet. The feet belonged to A. SLOPER, and his destination was the South London Palace of Varieties. Arrived there, the Eminent soon got to work sampling the "Unsweetened" and the programme. Suffice it to say that both suited his palate excellently, and it will not be long before he pays Mrs. Poole another visit.

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING 21ST JANUARY, 1893.

15th January, 1811.—At an inquest held in London this day upon the body of a poor little chimney sweep, aged eleven, the doctor said: "I was sent for to the deceased and opened a vein, but not more than a teaspoonful of blood issued. Another medical gentleman and myself then made a puncture in the throat for the injection of air. He died through suffocation, occasioned by the quantity of soot in his nostrils, throat and stomach."

16th January, 1847.—Food riots occurred this day in France. At Chateauroux, a wealthy corn merchant, who defied the mob, was set upon and beaten to death.

17th January, 1827.—This clipping is from *John Bull*. The following is a literal copy of a discharge given by a person of distinction and of immense landed property, in W—ton, in the North Riding of the county of York: (Take Notice) I Do hereby give you Notice Discharge from either hunting or Shouting upon any of my Lands Grounds and hereditaments in W—ton in My Occupation And If Com after this Notice an Action of Law will be brought against you For so Dowling I shal Dem you a Wilful Trispasser and Deal with you Accordary Given under my Hand this 17th January, 1827. Witness Muck Noble

18th January, 1872.—An explosion occurred this day in Gladstone's cartridge factory, at Greenwich, injuring about thirty girls employed there.

19th January, 1891.—A startling incident occurred this day in the Mersey railway tunnel. A child, four years old, who was with his parents, was playing with the handle of the door in a third-class compartment, when the door flew open, and the child disappeared. An alarm was given, and the train stopped. The child was found on the line, having escaped with merely a shaking.

20th January, 1891.—At Hampton Court, this afternoon, a quaint notice informed the public that there would be a Froste Fayre: "A sheepe, verrie bigge ande fatte, willen be roaysted bye fyre, on ye icse, neare ye 'Belle' Hyll, Hamptonne Towne, ande opsit ye Ait de Garrick, atte aboute two houres, thirty mynutes bye ye clock, should ye icse remayne." All comers are invited to see and "skayte ande falle ande slyde galore."

21st January, 1773.—Alexis Piron, a French poet and wit, died this day, aged 83. The following anecdote of his giving a *quid pro quo* is related of him: "Piron, after attending the rehearsal of the *Métromanie*, went into a coffee-house superbly dressed, as was his custom. Everyone surrounded him and complimented him. The Abbé Desfontaines was present, and, being disposed for a little railery, he lifted up the skirts of the poet's dress as though to examine its richness, and exclaimed, with affected admiration, 'What a dress for such a man!' Piron, raising the clerical robe of the Abbé with a similar gesture, replied, 'What a man for such a dress!'"

A MATTER OF O-PIN-ION.
THAT Job was blessed with patience great
I've often heard folks say,
Yet I'm prepared to boldly state
That, had he lived to-day,
His fame had never shone; his bride,
To answer for his sins,
Would keep him hours some shop outside,
Whilst she was buying pins.

ANOTHER GEORGE WASHINGTON.
MONDAY, the second of January, had barely become aired, ere the most practical father in the whole of Goose Green called his nine-year-old son into the best parlour, and said: "Theodore Paul, you are entering, my boy, into another year, and a number of new mysteries are about to surround you. Ere you encounter them, it is advisable—nay, necessary—that you should pass an ordeal—a somewhat searching ordeal."
"Go on, pa."
"Very well. Now, the whole truth: where have you been to-day?"
"Been slidin' on the pond on the Rye."
(Murmurs of applause from Theodore Paul's fond mother.)
"But that necessitated your playing the truant at your school?"
"Father, I cannot deny it—your on the bull's-eye."
"And it is not the first time you have done the same thing this week."
Theodore Paul hung his head, but he thought of the great Washington, and said:
"No, father—you get another cigar."
"What did you do on Saturday?"
"Father, I will not deceive you. I gonophed some lead pipe from one of the new houses, and, with what it fetched, had a mild jam-boree at the Crystal Palace."
"Do you go there often?"
"On an average, twice a week."
"Good! The examination is satisfactory. I have now the pleasure of presenting to you one of the greatest emblems of truth and integrity that I know of—a little hatchet. What will you do with it?"
"Get the rest of the lead pipe down: it's too big a job for my little pocket-knife."
"Quite so. The candidate is ready for initiation. His mother will provide herself with a mahogany bed-slat, and take him into the bathroom, and administer to him the first degree. No other business being now before the lodge, I declare it closed until the next monthly meeting."

ADVANCE EXTRACT FROM A COMING SLOPERIAN NOVEL.

NOT only was poor Elfrida Whanghilda born plain, but, year by year, as the roses died and the chrysanthemums came again, she had seemingly added to her stock of homely looks. She was as homely as mud. And, as the reader may know, there is some mud that is so cussedly homely that the brain-fagged prospector won't even take the trouble to hunt for the alluvial deposit in it. But Elfrida had had "offers" nevertheless. Swains had sought that homely hand that had little to engage it save the endless knitting of Dorothy bags; lovers had sought to engage the heart that beat beneath Elfrida's "Swanbills," but she still was disengaged. Till at last young De Ponsonby de Roberto de Quiensabe came along. He had little in the world—poor, but noble fellow—save his honoured name; his magnificently classic features and a light rubber overcoat. But fancy what a match he'd make with Elfrida! Old Whanghilda's plethora banking account could put all little matters right, and—well, there you are!
"On the day that I give you my daughter, sir," said the proud old father, as he dangled his eyeglass on his right forefinger and posed on the hearthrug, "I will deposit the sum of forty thousand ruddy jangling quids with the Battersea Creek Branch of the London and South Western Bank to your credit—and Heaven bless you."
"T—t—thanks, ten thousand thanks," stammered young De Ponsonby, with great blob-tears of gratitude in the corners of his eyes, "but—er—but would you allow me to suggest an alternative arrangement?"
"Name it, sir, name it."
"There are a few things I should like to get before the happy day—a few bills I would wish to liquidate. Alas, I am uncoolly. Could you arrange, say, to give the forty thousand merry mopuses to-day, and deposit your lovely daughter with the London and South Western?"
"Crrrr—r—rash! The elderly gentleman had swooned away and fallen in the coalbox. In an instant—
(To be continued some day.)

HORRIBLE NEWS.

[There is an awful rumour abroad that the Crinoline is likely to come into vogue again.]



Should bring such things again in vogue—
(Such Tommy Rot!)

We here give notice to the Sex—
From mashing they'll our fancies vex—
So let's hope not!

A FORTUNATE TOOTHACHE.

To this day I can never quite understand why Lady Mertonale invited me to make one of her house party that particular winter. True, I was a distant—a very distant—connection of her husband's; but then, I was so poor, so struggling, so comparatively friendless, so utterly unlike the wealthy and titled guests to whom my hostess was wont to dispense the hospitalities of her stately home, that, truth to tell, as the porter and footman together deposited my belongings on the roof of the well-appointed carriage which had been sent to the little station to meet me, I began to seriously regret my acceptance, and to wish myself back in the somewhat dingy diggings, with my pipe, my grog and my many treatises on the Science and Practice of Dentistry.

But it was too late to repent now, for here we were at the house, and a few moments later I was shaking hands with my well-preserved hostess; and certainly I had no cause to complain of her welcome, though the fact that she had unexpectedly found herself short of men might have had something to do with its heartiness.

Two hours after I was seated at dinner, and had met my fate, Edith—laughing-eyed, brown-haired Edith Gilworth, the prettiest and richest girl in the county, whose beauty and accomplishments would have commanded a hundred offers, had not her wealth brought an army of fortune-hunters to her feet.

And I, miserable "in eligible" that I was, what chance had I against the fawning crowd who fluttered around her, praising, flattering, flirting, until I felt half-maddened at their odious attentions, and yet what right had I—pshaw, it was lunacy, and yet, yet she was always so nice and gentle to me, and once or twice I fancied perhaps that, that—bah! it was preposterous. But I would stay no longer. I had been here a week and—come in, why, what's this? A note from Miss Gilworth, from Edith!—"Dear Mr. Etherson—suffering awful agony... toothache... bear it no longer... no dentist under twenty miles... hear you are studying dentistry... should be ever grateful... relieve me anyway... Always sincerely yours, Edith Gilworth."

Great Scott! wouldn't I? Five minutes later, travelling instrument-case in hand, I was in the library persuading the heiress "to have it out," in ten minutes the offending molar was safely extracted and the pain gone, and Edith was pouring out her thanks.

"How can I ever, ever reward you sufficiently, dear Mr. Etherson?" she asked in conclusion.

"By granting me the tooth as a keepsake," I faltered.

"Certainly," she answered, "if my tooth will please you. But you—you are not very exacting."

Something in her voice, the slight blush upon her fair cheeks, the becoming lowering of the lashes made me bold. "Edith," I cried, passionately, "can it be that you would give me your hand?"

She glanced up coyly, and I read her sweet answer in her eyes.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 81.—MINNIE MALONE.



CRUEL Jack Frost, this wintry night,
Bites one's bones with a baleful bite;
So why does the delicate Brown declare
That verily warm is the London air?

Delicate Brown to the "Friv." has been,
And Minnie Malone he has heard
Robinson—Shylock of Shylocks—
ne'er

Has a penny more than the legal To a cabman given; so why this tip
Of a crown to-night for a three miles' trip?

Niggardly R. to the "Friv." has been,
And Minnie Malone he has heard
Citizen Jones, with his comely wife,
Has lived for a decade a blissful life.

Why wishes he now, then (as ne'er before),
That from wedlock's chains he were
Citizen Jones to the "Friv." has been,
And Minnie Malone he has heard

Journalist Smith has received the "sack"
From the *Chronograph*, for his
Of rashly weaving into each day's
Political leaders erotic lays.

And why did that slinger of patriot ink
To a schoolboy's folly thus sadly sink?

Journalist Smith to the "Friv." had been,
And Minnie Malone he had heard and seen.

And why did that slinger of patriot ink
To a schoolboy's folly thus sadly sink?
Journalist Smith to the "Friv." had been,
And Minnie Malone he had heard and seen.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

THE MANSION HOUSE, LONDON, January 2, 1893.
MR. SOULSBY is much honoured by being the recipient of ALLY SLOPER'S "Award of Merit," and accepts the compliment with many thanks.

CLAREMONT, CAWLEY ROAD, LONDON, E., January 3, 1893.
DEAR MR. DALZIEL,—Very many thanks for the SLOPER Tickets duly received per your messenger to-day. They will be an immense boon to us in our arduous work among the deserving and destitute East End poor. May Providence speed your renewed effort during this terribly trying season.—Truly yours,
J. W. ATKINSON.

(Twenty-four years Latimer Congregational Church, London, E.)

GEORGE YARD RAGGED SCHOOLS, HIGH STREET, WHITECHAPEL, E., January 4, 1893.

DEAR SIR,—Please accept my sincere thanks for the tickets so kindly sent; it is so kind of you. Some poor creatures through you will obtain a few comforts at this trying season. Remembering with much thankfulness many kindnesses, I remain, very truly yours,
GEORGE HOLLAND.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 148.—HE INQUIRES INTO THE ALLEGED INATTENTION OF THE MORLEYMAIDS.

I.
THE Wreck has been racked with disquietude lately through hearing his patrons complaining lately that the post-office maidens of Postmaster Morley Have daily neglected their duty most sorely, And goaded the Public to anger exceeding. By treating the Public with saucy ill-breeding. "When the post-office damsel, so dainty and dapper, Is asked," quoth the Public, "for stamp or for wrapper, She glares at us fiercely, and keeps us there waiting While she and her neighbour, in tones animating, Discuss their diversions, their flirting successes, Their last novelette, or the price of their dresses." And the Public, indignant, would fain on the breast of A. SLOPER have wept; but A. SLOPER, possessed of The chivalrous feelings of the knights in romances, Repelled very roughly the Public's advances, Exclaiming, "Beshrew me if ever I'll hear A wrong word about ladies I've always held dear. Till I've proved with these lips and these ears and these eyes If your charges be true or a pack of base lies!"

II.
The Eminent forth on his self-ordered mission did go, And he journeyed through England and Wales, and at every P.O. Where young ladies attend at the counter, politely inquired For a halfpenny stamp; and, as SLOPER had guessed, it transpired That, without one exception, each damsel served the P.B. With a zest and alacrity truly delightful to see. And the Mound, when his mission was ended, irascibly said To the Public: "I'd punch, for two pins, your contemptible head, For directing your infamous lies at those dear little beauties Who nobly and well, as your servants, attend to their duties."

III.
But the triumph was short of the doughty P.B. And (while o'er his discomfiture glomts the B.P.) He declares that no ladies hereafter shall find A Don Quixote in him, howsoever they're malign'd; For, while he had barely concluded his mission, The post-office ladies despatched a petition To Postmaster Morley—which precious effusion Besought him to stop the hereafter intrusion (In decent, respectable British P.O.'s) Of a scraggy old scrub, with a flaming red nose And a staggering footstep, whose gin-laden breath Had made most of those post-misses sick unto death! So the Public has learned (which makes SLOPER feel sickly) WHY the post-office ladies served SLOPER so quickly!

ALLY SLOPER'S CHRISTMAS APPEAL FOR THE DESTITUTE POOR OF LONDON.

SUBSCRIPTIONS ACKNOWLEDGED LAST WEEK, £148 19s. 10d.

SINCE RECEIVED:—ALLY SLOPER, Esq., F.O.M. (weekly donation), £1; Mrs. H. HATHERINGTON, 1s. 6d.; "FOUR BOYS FROM FULHAM," 1s.; H. HOLLAND, 10s.; "ANON" (London, W.C.), 1s.; D. W. P., 3d.; LALLIE, £2 2s.; "PHYLLIS AND BOB," 1s.; H. L. C., 2s. 6d.; MERAL, 2s. 6d.; JANET AUSTIN, 1s.; H. TINS, 2s.; R. C. H., 3d.; "ANON" (Hullfax), 1s.; R. B. (Wood Green), 2s.; "ARCADIA," £1 2s. 6d.; UNCLE P., £1 1s.; MARIE LE BLANC, £1 1s.; R. G. KNOWLES, F.O.S., 10s.; TRIXIE, 1s.; "GUILDFORDIAN," 2s. 6d.; G. A. F., 1s.; NOSEY BUMBO, 3d.

Making a total received up to January 3rd, 1893, £157 9s. 7d.

"AND BEHOLD A PALE HORSE."

THE entrance road to that drear abode
Of Want is so cramped and low,
That a man who is tall, or a man who is broad,
Scarcely through it with ease might go.
Yet, under the arch, with solemn march,
A rider and horse have passed,
And they who reside in those dens have eyed
Their shadowy guests aghast;
And around the court, as in mirthless sport,
Their visitors take their course;
And Death is the name of the bloodless frame
That sits on the pale, pale horse.

The horseman grim has studied his whim
In his choice of untimely prey,
And, conveying a God-given soul with him,
He has ridden, rejoiced, away.
But, again and again to the haunts of men
Who in Poverty's arms are lain
He will lawlessly ride, while the storm-months bide,
If he hold not his bridle rein.
So, though weak withal, may we all do all
In our power to arrest his course,
And to slacken the pace of the endless race
Of himself and his pale, pale horse.

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

THE "Union" Jack: Philosopher Jack in the *Lights o' London*. COMPARATIVE Degree: William of Germany is doubtless a kindly man, but Mr. Henry Irving is a *king*lear.

PUBLIC-HOUSE Philosophy: Evil spirits are those that make one heave-ill.

"Oh, dash it, you needn't have gone and shown the cloven 'no'!" sobbed SLOPER, when the publican split in twain the bad shilling he had offered.

A MOUTH that's continually watering: The mouth of the Thames.

AFTER being arrested by a fair gentleman from Scotland Yard, McGooseley says he knows what is meant by the *four-teecks* of crimes.

We know now why Hamlet bawled "Words! words! words!" so savagely at old Polonius. He was going in, evidently, for a Missing Word Competition.

"(K)NOT Proven!" Producing a marriage certificate. THERE is no egotism about the *Star* programme. The word "me" is, in fact, conspicuous by its absence therefrom.

SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

THE FREAKS OF FORTUNE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE outrage committed on the anatomical bay window of Farmer Thornbury had fortunately no fatal effects, but it was deemed



"How you scared me!"

advisable to start for other spheres at an early period, to avoid all risk of the affronted farmer making a call. At the silent hour of midnight the caravans were towed off to a lonely spot about a couple of miles distant, where sufficient seclusion was afforded them till Monday morning.

Late on Sunday evening George Smith might have been seen lurking near the foot-path by which he knew Mary would return home from the evening service in the village church. He was, for the time being, incognito. He did not wear the splendid garments which he usually wore in his public appearances, but was clad in ordinary every-day dress.

In the early part of the evening George had seen Mary proceed on her way to church alone, and he would fain have spoken to her then, but it was daylight. They might be seen, and he had no desire to be discovered by her father or mother. Patiently he awaited her coming, and at length his patience was rewarded by her appearance. Slowly she approached, and it was not till she was almost passed that her lover stepped from his place of concealment and stood before her.

"Mary," he softly murmured.

"George Smith!" accompanied by a tiny scream, was the startled

reply. "How you have scared me!"

"I did not intend it, dearest," said George. "I had no means of warning you that I was here."

"Oh, it is all right; I am glad to see you. Where have you come from?"

George had made up his mind that this question would be put, and had made up his mind to tell the truth, if not the whole truth. He doubted if Mary would approve of the outrage on natural history of which he had been guilty, and so decided to suppress the fact that he had personated the crocodile.

"I am travelling as a driver with Harmon's Colossal Aggregation of Curiosities," said George.

"Oh! a driver to a show—only a driver!"

"Well, Mary, one can't get to the top of the tree all at once."

"I did not mean to offend you, George; I, of course, know you must begin in a small way. But only a driver! It is such an obscure position."

"Yes, that is true, Mary," said George, sadly, and almost tempted to tell her of the nobler rôle he had filled so successfully. "You see, I am not a fat man, or I might have more glory. Did you notice our fat man?"

"Oh, yes, he is such a dear! I feel that I could fall in love with him."

"With that monster, Mary?"

"Oh, he's really not at all bad looking," said Mary, intent on teasing her lover a little.

"Mary!" said George, reproachfully, "I never thought it would come to this."

"Oh! it is all right; I am true to you, as I promised."

"Perhaps, now that you like fat men, that was the reason you visited the show last night with Farmer Thornbury."

"Farmer Thornbury—bah! He is fat, but he is coarse. I went with him because I had no one else to take me. And then the ridiculous figure he made when the crocodile hit him with its tail! Farmer Thornbury, indeed!"

"And do you love me still?" murmured George, as he attempted to take her hand.

"Yes," she firmly replied, as she drew back; "but no freedoms, George Smith. There is still a wide chasm between our respective stations," said Mary, quoting a recent summer number of a penny magazine; "we must stand apart till that be bridged."

"But it is being bridged," said George. "I am saving all that I can in order that I may be financially nearer you. I have now six pounds seven and sixpence accumulated!"

(To be continued next week.)



"No freedoms, George."

THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 290—MR. J. A. CAVE, F.O.S.

"Born at a very early period of his existence, J. A. Cave was brought up by the aid of the bottle and with an eye to economy. Grew fat rapidly at first, and then, owing to a severe attack of the croup, and in order to relieve the monotony of things, became as thin as the proverbial rake. Was a very difficult job to bring up owing to his mischievous disposition, but the latter kept him in tolerably good order. Wished to go to sea, but his parents desired him to go to work. A struggle ensued, out of which the young man came off second best. Consequently, he ran away from home, to which he returned in rags three weeks afterwards. His parents then wished him to turn out as a scarecrow at half a crown a week. More ructions, and another hasty departure from home. This time a more successful one. Fell in with a strolling company of actors, and joined them as call boy. Left them upon reaching London, and endeavoured to obtain the position of theatrical manager. Accepted a situation as scene-shifter instead. Rose rapidly in his profession, and soon became popular and a success. Is the former even now, but not the latter. Still lives in hopes. Chiefly because he's a capable actor, J. A. Cave was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him February 12, 1887."—*Debutant Improved.*



"Take your snow and ice cleared away, guv'nor?"
Query: Was it in impudence?



She. Pray take a temperance tract, sir.

He. Oblige by accepting my card. I should like a lady can-
 vasser like you for our celebrated Bracemp Whisky.



"When do you intend to marry me, Adolphus?" "Well, Maria, not until things are looking up with me considerably more than they are doing now."

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HARDLY PALATABLE.



She (standing up). Beauty is hereditary in our family, you know.
 He. Handled down from father to son, I presume.



"What have you to say for yourself? You have no visible means of support." "Oh, yes I have. There's the old woman at home."



There was a young lady of Marlow
 Told not to read "Clarissa Harlowe";
 But she for her parents not caring,
 Surprises them both by swearing.

A DELICATE OPERATION.



(1) Professor Murphy (of Gallysmashy). There now, Phalim, me boy. That ought to make business hum—eh? If there's wan drawback to an Oirishman's beauty 'tis the want av a Roman nose. Phalim (the assistant). Begor! we'll have the devils hock-in' in here as if we had burst a whisky cask. (2) Pat Rooney (the first patient). Ye see, docthor, Oid loike me nose med into an elegant acqulioine beak, loike it was before the tay-matin' at Mrs. Casey's lasht noight. Ye see, it was a throiflin' argumintation wid Micky Mulvaany that led to this disfiguremint; an' ye see, the trouble is that Biddy McNinch won't believe Oi'm meself at all, at all, wid a different nose on me face, an'— Professor Murphy. Och, sor! Shure there'll be shmall difficulty

about a throife av this discription. Shtep this way, if ye plaze!—(3) Yes, number 134's your soize to a T. Koindly insertt your proboscis in this aperture, sor. Gintly with the winch, Phalim. Now, Phalim, ye devil, put your back to it, an' we'll docthor the Fanian shnout av him if we pull out the bone av his shkul! Whon, back, ye shpalpane!—(4) Pat Rooney. Hilt! Murthor! Lave go, will ye? Oi'm bein' killed intoirely! Houly Pope! Look at the thrunk they're after puttin' on me! Thunder and turrr! Oi'm a gimlet intoirely!—(5) Oi've half a moind to lay ye out for a wake, ye shpalpane! And by the time the entertainment was over, classical noses were the order of the day in Dr. Murphy's establishment.

OUR WIVES.



"I believe that's my husband shouting. Per.aps he's fallen in. Well, if he has, he must get out again. It's too cold to stand about looking for him."

GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



No. 44.—Agnes.

THE PANTOMME SEASON HAS COMMENCED.



The thirtieth who asks for a Christmas box gets it.